WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE SHIELD OF EXPECTATION.

A TALE.

SÆMUNGVE was lineally deſcended from the great Odin, and his anceſtors had long reigned over the kingdom of Norway. The mild rays of the ſun of chriſtianity had not yet penetrated the thick foreſts of the North, nor ſoftened by their mollifying influence the fierce diſpoſition of man. Sæmungve was now arrived at the age of fifteen, when he was to become his own maſter; and at the public aſſembly of the chiefs he received, with the anceſtoral arms, a ſword, a lance, and a ſmooth and highly polished brazen ſhield, called, the "Shield of Expectation."

The youth reſembled the oak of the foreſt, and could as ill brook to bend to the fierceneſs of the ſtorm. His limbs were exactly proportioned; his hair, of the color of the brighteſt gold, was combed with the greateſt care, and reached below his middle; his countenance had the fierceneſs of the bear when ſhe is deprived of her young, yet could he give a ſoftneſs to his features, which was expreſſive of the greateſt tenderneſs.

Sæmungve had never been foiled in the infantile and boyiſh conteſts which daily marked the manners of the northern nations. He took the moſt frightful leaps from the pointed and overhanging rock, and was delighted to find his companions unable to follow him. He wreſtled with ſurpriſing ſtrength and agility, and never yielded to his antagoniſt.

When he trod the gothic hall of his anceſtors, and his eye contemplated the numerous ſhields with which its walls were ornamented, he burned to ſee his own graven; he turned with diſguſt from its ſmooth and poliſhed ſurface, and enjoyed neither reſt nor quiet till he could achieve ſome deed of proweſs worthy to be delineated on the Shield of Expectation; for, as yet, the ſon did not plume himſelf upon the trophies of his anceſtors; and although deſcended from a long and noble train of heroes, was ſtill in no higher eſtimation than his fellows, till in his own perſon he had accompliſhed ſome action worthy of being recorded.

At length, on the arrival of ſpring, an expedition was determined on. A veteran chief, whoſe countenance was diſfigured by the numerous wounds he had received, gave the cuſtomary harangue, and invited all thoſe who were ambitious of renown to join his ſtandard. The Prince of Norway, with a look the moſt animated, and a ſtep ſo light that its preſſure hardly marked the bending graſs, offered himſelf. He was accepted with pleaſure, and two hours only allowed him before he was to begin his march. Theſe he dedicated to filial piety—no duty was held in greater reverence; and he approached his mother with a joy which nothing could conceal.

"I am going," ſaid he, "to add, I hope, to the renown of my anceſtors, and I come for the bleſſing of my mother on my firſt attempt."

"Go, my ſon," returned the exulting parent—"Go—and remember the blood of Odin flows in thy veins. Fear not death——ſeek it! Should you be happy enough to meet with it, you will then find yourſelf immediately ſeated with your firſt great anceſtors in Odin's hall, where you will quaff flowing hydromel out of the ſkulls of your enemies! Let me ſee thee come back unconquered——Let me not have to join with the other females to drive thee from the ſeat of thine anceſtors!"

Sæmungve, graſping the hilt of his ſword with firmneſs, bowed in ſilence, and withdrew.

The moon had hardly completed her circle round the earth, when the ſhouts of the returning warriors were heard, and their approach announced with victory and honor.

With eager ſtep did the mother of Sæmungve croſs the drawbridge of the palace of her ſon, to meet and welcome him, if he had proved himſelf worthy; or to load him with the keeneſt reproaches, if he had failed in his duty.

And now the remains of the band drew near. Spoils and ſlaves in due proceſſion led the way; next the dead bodies of their deceaſed comrades; and laſt, the veteran hero, followed by his faithful aſſociates. In the poſt of honor—in the van of the victors—by the ſide of the commander, the mother of Sæmungve ſought eagerly her ſon:——but he was not there! A momentary horror, the impulſe of maternal tenderneſs not *quite* ſubdued, chilled her blood. It was but momentary; for, ſtraining her eye again, ſhe ſaw him——in the ſame rank, and ſtill among the novices, as when he departed! Melancholy was depicted in his countenance, and his eyes were averted from the looks of his inquiſitive mother. They halt——a diſtribution of the ſpoil takes place——all is divided with that juſt impartiality, by the leader, that not a murmur is heard. Sæmungve receives his ſhare in common with the reſt, but no more. His mother, no longer able to reſtrain her impatience, accoſts the chief——

"And has the ſucceſſor of Odin only ordinary merit?"

(The cheek of the youth was tinged with the bluſh of vexation)

—"Be patient, venerable matron," returned the chief:—"thy ſon has not diſgraced the names of his anceſtors.——Where all are heroes who can excel? The brave have not often the opportunity of outvieing companions of equal courage. Thy ſon left nothing unattempted to acquire fame; and had there been any who had fallen ſhort of extreme praiſe, his would have been great. In the legions of the ſouth he would have been accounted more than mortal. We are all above mortality; for death, the terror of our foes, is our ambition!"

To the hall of his anceſtors returned the Prince of Norway. His buckler had ſtill its hated ſmoothneſs; and when he again ſurveyed thoſe of his kindred, his anguiſh was inexpreſſible. The bards, who ſung the praiſes of his forefathers, only increaſed his vexation by the theme. His accuſtomed exerciſes loſt their reliſh, and every waning moon ſeemed to reproach his ſloth and inactivity.

Sæmungve had an old ſervant, who had been taken captive in Denmark by his father, and was of noble blood in his native country. To him had the education of the Prince been committed. To the faithful Harold, at length, did his pupil unburthen himſelf; with him form a plan, which, if executed, would, he hoped, yield him immortal honor. With the aſſiſtance of Harold, he fitted out ſecretly a veſſel, and with a few but faithful companions, ſet ſail for the coaſt of Denmark.

As they approached the ſhore, the crew were alarmed by the noiſe of a tumult; and, juſt as they were landing they heard the ſhrieks of women, and the conflict of armed men. The Prince flew to the ſpot, followed by his faithful friends, where they ſaw the guard of a noble female faintly fighting with a numerous troop, and ſinking under accumulated attacks. As the lion ruſhes with irreſiſtible force on his devoted prey, ſo did the youthful Norwegian ruſh into the midſt of the conflict. His ſword dealt death and deſtruction at every blow; and although the aggreſſors were brave, and the Prince of Norway bled freely, yet did victory, after almoſt incredible exertions, declare in his favor.

Sæmungve now haſted to addreſs the afflicted fair one, who, in the moſt expreſſive language, aided by her enchanting looks and bewitching ſmiles, not only returned her acknowledgments to her deliverer, but, terrified at ſeeing him bleed ſo faſt, immediately bound up his wounds with the greateſt ſkill and tenderneſs, in which ſhe was aſſiſted by her now joyful maidens.

The friends of our hero were now buſy in collecting the ſpoils of the conquered field. The maidens having aſſiſted their miſtreſs, retired to a reſpectful diſtance. The Prince, who had already taken great draughts of the intoxicating cup of love, in trembling accents avowed himſelf her lover, and requeſted to be made her knight. She pointed to his yet poliſhed ſhield. Sæmungve's countenance was inſtantly overſpread with a bluſh of conſcious ſhame: he turned away his head, and, in doing ſo, caught a view of the field ſtrewed with dead bodies. He modeſtly hinted at his achievement of her delivery. The lady, who already felt the tendereſt emotions, admitted the merit of the deed; and, taking a cerulean fillet from her hair, with the moſt graceful deportment preſented it to her deliverer. He kiſſed it with the moſt profound reverence, and, binding it on the handle of his ſword, ſwore by that weapon to part with life ſooner than reſign it. He proceeded to enquire into the particulars of her misfortune. She was going to ſee the friends of her long-loſt father, ſhe told him, when ſhe was ſuddenly aſſailed by the followers of Roland, a lord, whoſe reſidence was in the caſtle to which ſhe pointed, who had long proffered his love in vain, and was baſe enough to uſe force to put himſelf in poſſeſſion of her perſon.

"What can I do," cried the ſtill more enraptured Prince, "to deſerve thy love?"

"Reſtore me to my friends—conquer that baſe lord—and I am thine."

[To be concluded in our next]

REMARK.

Vanity and ſelf-importance are the characteriſtics of the inſignificant and fooliſh—malice and falſhood are characteriſtics of the mean and worthleſs—Theſe four ingredients compounded produce a wicked and miſerable creature.

ON THE FAIR SEX.

THE benevolent Author of the Univerſe; conſulting only the happineſs of his creatures, has appointed a variety of means to promote the ſweet union of love Probably for this end alone he conſtituted differences of ſexes. And what has he not done for the female of our own ſpecies, to make her amiable in our own eyes?

All the ſoft and gentle graces, the ſweet ſmiles of winning beauty, the obedient bluſh of modeſty, the charming fear of dependent weakneſs, and the tender apprehenſions of the feeling heart, are for this purpoſe appropriated to the lovely ſex. By what fine proportions, what nicely moulded features, what expreſſive eyes, what delicate complexions, are many of them, whoſe beauty is the leaſt of their praiſe; for theirs is the fineſt ornaments of the mind, ſenſe embelliſhed and humanized by an habitual ſoftneſs of manners, and knowledge collected from the labor of the Muſes.

Theirs is the practice of every moral and ſocial duty. All the virtues that are founded in the ſenſibility of the heart, are eminently theirs. Pity, the attribute of angels---and friendſhip the balm of life, delight to dwell in the female breaſt.---What a forlorn, what a ſavage creature would man be, without the humanizing offices of the gentle ſex! ---how much are his manners ſoftened by the delicate paſſion of love! Is it not for the fair object of his affections that he ſtudies all the elegant embelliſhing graces? Does he not imitate her poliſhed manners, and acquire, as it were by ſympathy, her tender and delicate ſentiments? alter the endearing union of their loves and intereſts, where mutual confidence has removed every apprehenſion, what are the pleaſures which he may enjoy! How are his cares ſoftened, his proſpects brightened, his delights enhanced by communication? Ungrateful, then, would he reproach that amiable ſex, from which he derives in ſome meaſure both his virtue and his happineſs!

GAMING.

AN edict of his Imperial Majeſty, appeared lately at Venice, in conſequence of the inſufficiency of the exiſting laws againſt gaming It forbids all perſons, of whatever age, ſex or condition, to play at any game of hazard, ſuch as pharo, baſſet, or any other already known, or that may be hereafter invented, under penalty of a fine in proportion to the ability of the criminals, from one hundred ducats up to two thouſand; and in caſe of inability to pay, three months impriſonment for the firſt offence, ſix months for the ſecond, and a total privation of civil rights, for the the third: thoſe privations to remain in force till the proper officer ſhall certify the reformation of the perſon ſo convicted. The maſters of coffee houſes, hotels or private lodgings, permitting gameſters to hold meetings in their houſes, are alſo ſubjected to very ſevere puniſhment, and aſſociations for the purpoſe of play, even at ſuch games as are permitted, are required to be open to the viſits of officers of the police, and as a ſtill further reſtraint, even preſumptive proofs are held ſufficient againſt them; and they are eſteemed innocent only, when they have done away the preſumption, by poſitive evidence of their innocence.

ANECDOTE.

UPON the expected death of the King of Spain in 1758, the Duke, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave orders to his ſervants, that if, any meſſenger arrived by expreſs, even if was at midnight he ſhould immediately be introduced to him: pending this order, a man on horſeback knocked furiouſly at the outer gate about three o'clock in the morning, he was inſtantly admitted, and conducted to the Duke's bed-chamber. "Well my good friend," ſays the Duke (putting on his ſtockings, and ſurveying the man ſplaſhed all over with mud from top to toe) "you muſt have rode hard?"---"damnably! never once ſtept during the whole journey"---"but you're ſure he's dead?"---"Oh! moſt certainly."---"Ah! poor man, he's got out of a troubleſome world at laſt.---Pray when did you leave Madrid?"---"Madrid!" ſays the man in amaze; "Lord! your Grace, I was never there in my life." "And where the devil elſe did you come from?" ---"Why from Richmond, in Yorkſhire, your Grace, and am come expreſs, to acquaint you of the death of Sam Dickenſon, the Exciſe-man, whoſe place you know, your Grace promiſed me at the laſt election, the moment, the breath was out of his body."

SCRAP. FROM POPE.

OF all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.

ON READING THE DIFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE.

AT length the ſlaughter of mankind is o'er!
Nations no longer bathe their ſteels in gore!
Standards no longer dy'd in blood appear,
No dying groans awake the friendly tear!
No more the peaſant, chill'd with war's alarms,
Is forc'd from pleaſures to the field of arms;
No more the fair ones o'er the mangled heap
Of bleeding ſwains or ſlaughter'd huſbands weep:
No more the orphan roams the lifeleſs plain,
Nor pinch'd with hunger mourns a father ſlain.
No more the Rhine is ſwell'd with floods of gore,
Nor down her banks the human torrents pour----
Nor o'er that clime which gave the world a TELL,
Nor on that ſoil where BRUTUS lov'd to dwell,
No mighty victor leads the hoſtile van,
To ſtain their ſummits with the blood of MAN!
Nor flaming realms, nor ravag'd towns, no more
Point out the dread calamities of WAR:--
But god-like PEACE again extends her ſmiles
To Gallia's ſhores and fair Britania's iſles;
Whoſe awful thunders late o'er empires hurl'd,
Shook diſtant realms, and wak'd the aſtoniſh'd world.
Alas! how oft! how oft have monarchs ſtrove
To break the ties of friendſhip, peace and love!
To rouſe our race to horrid ſcenes of war,
The quiet bliſs of life with rage to mar!
And man 'gainſt man how oft in battle ſtood,
And dipp'd his poignard in his brother's blood,
To pleaſe ſome tyrant or ambitious court,
They the ſad victims of their deadly ſport!----
But ſcenes like theſe no longer ſhall diſgrace,
Nor blot the glory of our kindred race;
COLUMBIA'S triumph, and a CAPET'S fall,
Shall teach true wiſdom to oppreſſors all.

Waterford, N. Y. June, 1802.

THE FROWNS OF FORTUNE.

By the late Mrs. ROBINSON.

AS o'er the world, by ſorrows preſt,
I wander, ſad and weary,
In hopes to find a place of reſt,
From ſcenes forlorn and dreary,
Where'er I go, I'm doom'd to trace,
If Fortune ſmiles, the ſmiling face;
But if ſhe frowns, I'm ſure to ſee
On every face a frown for ME.

When Morning bluſhes thro' her tears,
And Nature flaunts her treaſures,
How gaudy every path appears,
Rich in boundleſs pleaſures!
But if the dawn in miſty gloom,
Still veils the flowret's vivid bloom,
How droops in ſhade the loftieſt tree,
Whoſe ſpreading boughs had ſhelter'd ME!

Nor truth nor feeling can inſure
The friend that's ever ſmiling:
Worth cannot worldly miſery cure,
Its darkeſt hours beguiling;
This heart which owns the pureſt flame,
Muſt patient throb, nor dare to blame,
Since Fortune's frown, the Fates decree,
Through every ſcene ſhould follow ME.

Thus all things light or dark appear,
As Fortune cheers or ſaddens;
For time flows ſlow when grief is near,
But ſwift when tranſport gladdens.
Hope is a tranſient ſummer dream,
Where viſions gay and flattering ſeem;
But Truth and Reaſon wake to ſee,
Then waſte away, and fade like ME.

O! come, capricious Fortune, blind,
Subdue this boſom feeling;
Make dim the fire that warms my mind,
Thence all its fervor ſtealing:
Teach me the ſordid ſervile art,
To dreſs in low diſguiſe the heart,
Then every face ſhall cheerful be,
And wear a gentle ſmile for ME.

ON SLEEP.

BY PETER PINDAR.

COME, gentle Sleep! attend thy vot'ry's pray'r,
And tho' Death's image, to my couch repair;
How ſweet, thus lifeleſs, yet with life to lie!
Thus, without dying, O how ſweet to die!

DELICATE BENEVOLENCE.

AMONGST the various anecdotes which have been recorded of Dean Swift, none raiſes his character more highly in eſtimation than his conduct to a relation of Sir William Temple's. This lady, whoſe name was Dingley, enjoyed from Sir William an annuity of twenty-ſeven pounds a year; and Swift, knowing that the ſum was not equal to her neceſſities, generouſly augmented it to ſeventy-ſeven. An act ſo liberal, ſo benevolent, and humane, was ſufficient to excite veneration towards the beſtower; but Swift, fearful of wounding her feelings, or oppreſſing her mind by a ſenſe of obligation, informed her that the whole of the annuity had been left by Sir William, who had veſted the principal in his hands; and, to give color and ſanction to the deceit, conſtantly demanded a regular diſcharge, as if the money had been left by her deceaſed friend.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

AMONG the Pariſian Belles of faſhion, black wigs, ſome briſtled all over with crocuets, and ſome friz'zled, begin to be the rage. The veils are placed flat upon the heads, and, inſtead of a garland of flowers, a l'Iphigenie, they are generally bound with a plain white ribbon.---Almoſt all ſlippers have colored ribbons, which are croſſed upon the leg. The uſe of the diamond is of late conſiderably extended. Diamond collars, ear-rings, and bracelets, are not rare; they are alſo worn upon almoſt all turbans. Umbrellas have re-appeared; they are uſed of green violet, bordered with a fringe.

The young gentlemen are leaving off the wide boots a la Suwartow, and taking to cloſe boots, with varniſhed yellow tops, which are taken off at pleaſure.

INDIAN CUSTOM.

WHEN parents become enfeebled by age, and unable to ſupport themſelves, it is eſteemed an act of duty in their children to ſtrangle them. This ſhocking rite is performed in the following manner:---The old perſon's grave is dug, into which he voluntarily deſcends, and after ſmoking a pipe, or perhaps drinking a dram or two, and converſing with his children, he intimates that he is ready to ſubmit to his fate. On this, two men put a thong about his neck, and ſtanding on oppoſite ſides of the grave, pull violently till he is ſtrangled. They then cover him in earth, and erect a rude monument of ſtones over the ſpot. Such old people as have no children, require this laſt office from the hands of their friends, and it is thought uncharitable to refuſe it.

SUPERSTITION.

THE following proclamation of her majeſty Queen Ann, is copied from the London Gazette of March 12, 1712---"It being her majeſty's royal intention to touch publicly for the EVIL, on Tueſday the 17th of this inſtant March, and ſo to continue for ſome time; it is her majeſty's command, that tickets be delivered the day before, at Whitehall; and that all perſons bring a certificate, ſigned by the miniſter and churchwardens of their reſpective pariſhes, that they never received the royal touch."

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the brave Admiral Kempenfelt, unhappily loſt in the Royal George, was coming into Portſmouth to have his ſhip paid off, a ſailor eyed a gold laced waiſtcoat which his commander wore, with great earneſtneſs, and in his beſt ſea faſhion, begged to know who made it. The Admiral, perceiving his drift, gave him the neceſſary information, and Jack went on ſhore. He forthwith applied to the Admiral's tailor, who knowing the humor of his cuſtomer, went with him to buy materials, and at laſt aſked him what he would have the back made of? "Made of, (ſaid Jack) the ſame as the front to be ſure." The tailor remonſtrated, but in vain; for the waiſtcoat was made, and put on with an old greaſy jacket over it. One day, in the High-ſtreet, the Admiral met his man in this curious dreſs, which occaſioned him to laugh heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increaſed, when Jack, coming up to him, lifted the hind part of his jacket, and ſhewed his gold-laced back, exclaiming, "D---- me, old boy, no falſe colors,; ſtern and ſtern alike."

HIBERNIAN CAUTION.

AN Iriſh gentleman, whoſe lady had abſconded, thinking it neceſſary to caution the public againſt giving her credit, thus advertiſes in the Limerick paper---"My wife has eloped from me without rhyme or reaſon, and I deſire no one will truſt her on my account, for I am not married to her."

SONNET.

AS some fair flower in a foreign soil
Shuns the embraces of the noon-tide breeze,
Till the slow gardner's persevering toil
Recalls those fragrant charms again to please.

So does pale Sorrow prey upon the mind,
Insensible to Comfort's genial smile;
Mocks Resignation, tho' by Heaven design'd,
Of grief the woe-worn bosom to beguile.

But soon the voice of Friendship cheers the gloom,
And long-lost Reason re-assumes her reign;
The faded cheek regains its native bloom,
And Happiness no longer pleads in vain.

Thus Time, all-powerful, heals the wounded breast,
And lulls the sorrows of the soul to rest.

OBSERVATION.

A Woman's dress, like her reputation, should be without a spot. Neatness in attire is a most powerful attraction: It in some measure compensates for the want of beauty; and where the personal charms are numerous, it gives them a double lustre. Nor is this quality less propitious to health, than to fortune and love. A perpetual attention to the minutiæ of cleanliness, is deemed the most sovereign preservative against all diseases, endemial as well as constitutional; while dirty finery creates a waste of expense, and never fails to disgust, and sometimes to injure.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1802.

FATAL DUEL.

By a gentleman recently from the Mediterranean, we learn, that Mr. Thomas Swartwout, (son of Col. Swartwout, of this city) Midshipman on board the United States frigate Essex, was killed in a duel with another Midshipman of the same ship, at the Spanish port of Algeziras, near Gibraltar, on the 13th of April last. We cannot but deplore the untimely end of this promising young man, only 17 years of age, who by a scrupulous adherence to the prevailing ridiculous and barbarous mode of deciding disputes, has thus in an instant been plunged into an awful eternity.

By a letter from a respectable gentleman residing at Cape Francois, dated 23d of May, we learn, that the Yellow Fever, or what is there termed "La Fievre Putrid et Maligne," has lately made great ravages in the town and harbor of the Cape, particularly among the troops. It is remarked, that there have been very few or no instances of its attacking the old inhabitants, from which is inferred that the disorder does not originate so much from the impurity of the air, as from the imprudence of strangers. It is further said to prevail on shore, and on board the American shipping.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENTS.

On Monday the 7th inst. MARY GULLON, daughter of John Gullon, stone cutter of Philadelphia, on going near the wheel of the marble saw mill, at Falls Run, (Falls of Schuylkill,) to place some butter in a spring chamber, was unfortunately caught by the crank, and hurried to eternity in an instant, bereaving her parents of a most amiable young woman in the 14th year of her age.

On Monday the 14th inst. as Mr JOHN WILKINSON, of Beekman town, in Dutchess County, was crossing with a waggon and horse, a bridge over the Ousatonick river, in the town of Milford, the bridge suddenly gave way, and precipitated him into the river,---by which unfortunate accident, Mr Wilkinson was instantaneously killed.

This bridge, a short time before, had been pronounced unsafe, and some rails put across with a view to prevent its being passed. This circumstance was not understood by the deceased; and two young gentlemen who were with him in the waggon, one a son of Mr Wilkinson, got out, removed the rails, and walked on before the horses---by which means the young gentlemen were probably snatched from an untimely grave.

The following day, the remains of the deceased were brought to his late residence in Beekman, and interred amidst a numerous collection of relatives and friends.

Extract of a letter from Barnsborough, Glouceſter County, New-Jersey, June 10.

"On the 8th inst. a melancholy accident took place in this vicinity. Mr. Jeremiah Mahong, being exceedingly fond of his gun, taking it into his hand, said in a joke to his wife, come out and I will learn you to exercise; upon which she took another gun in her hand, that had been, without their knowledge, loaded by her brother in order to shoot some crows, which she carelessly held in her hands, and when she attempted to snap it, unfortunately went off. The whole load entered his head just under his left eye, and went out just behind his right ear, and he fell lifeless at her feet. He was about 23 years of age, and she about 17; they had been married a fortnight the evening before. The distressing scene is not easily described as an uncommon fondness had subsisted between them. An inquest was held over the body, and the jury returned their verdict, that his death was occasioned by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his wife."

SUICIDE.

On Saturday the 12th inst. a Mr. Isaac Jewitt of Fredericks, in the county of Dutchess, put an end to his existence by hanging himself, in his own chamber. He was found dead, hanging by the neck, with both his knees and one hand on the floor. He was supposed to be insane, and has left a family to bewail his melancholy death.

PROGRESS IN CIVILIZATION!!!

The following article is copied from a letter received in New-Bedford, from a respectable character in Guilford county, North-Carolina, under date of May 2d---"I have lately heard of something new to me. A Justice of the Peace in this county, lately bought a number of Negro children, out of Virginia, by WRIGHT, at three dollars and an half per pound. This manner of proceeding with human flesh I have not before been made acquainted with."

MUTINY

On board the brig Martha Johnson, Capt. Wyville, of Norfolk.

Capt. W. informs, that on the 31st of May being off Port Mariel, in the island of Cuba, at half past one in the morning, three of the crew, namely Hendric Myers, a Dutchman, Peter Martion, an Italian, and Hammond Whisker, a Bremener, (two of whom belonged to the watch on deck) armed themselves with axes and pump break, attacked two negro seaman, and cut and bruised them in a shocking manner, with an intention of becoming masters of the brig and to rob her of the money that was on board, amounting to nearly 20,000 dollars. On hearing the cry of murder, Mr. Suggs (the mate) attempted to go forward, but was followed and knocked down by Martin, who was stationed at the helm, and beat and cut him dreadfully; after considerable scuffle Mr. Suggs disarmed one of them, and made his escape to the cabin, where the Capt. lay dangerously ill; the mutineers then confined the Captain, mate and one seaman in the cabin, and lowered down the yawl, into which they put their clothes, provisions &c. and were proceeding to get at the money, when one of the negroes whom they had wounded, by a stratagem set the yawl a drift; the mutineers then hoisted out the long-boat, and set off in her to recover the yawl; in the mean time the negro man forced open the cabin door and liberated the people from confinement, who immediately set sail on the brig and left them. The mutineers shewed every disposition, and also threatened to take the lives of the rest of the crew, and scuttle the brig. They were discovered at daylight pulling in for the shore, with the long boat in tow.

UTICA, (N. Y) June 15.

HAIL STORM AND FLOOD.

On Friday last, a hail storm arose, than which a more violent was hardly ever experienced in this country. It began about one o'clock, and continued fifteen minutes The wind was high, and some damage was done to the buildings and cattle in this and the neighboring places. The house and out houses of Colonel Walker, of this vicinity, were damaged to a very considerable amount.---A hail stone was found after the storm, measuring, in the greatest circumference 7 inches. The course of the storm was from south west to north east.

The immensity of rain which has fallen within a few days, has caused the Mohawk to overflow its banks to a degree unknown for a number of years past, at this season of the year, it has never perhaps been so high since this country has been settled ---This flood will prove very injurious to all the crops on the flats near the river. The bridges, mill dams and mills situate on the streams which empty into the Mohawk, have received great damage, and many of the bridges and mill dams are entirely swept away.

REMARK.

What men want of reason for their opinions, they usually supply and make up in rage.

COURT OF HYMEN.

LET Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that from love which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief;
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

MARRIED,

On Saturday the 19th inst. at Flemington, (N. J.) by the Rev. Thomas Grant, Mr JOHN M. BOWERS, of this city, to Miss MARGARETTA M. S WILSON.

At Poughkeepsie, by the Rev. Mr Chase, RANDALL S. STREET, Esq to Miss CORNELIA BILLINGS.

On Saturday morning last, at Duanesborough, by the Rev. Mr Romayne, Mr B. M. MUMFORD, to Miss HARRIET BOWERS, youngest daughter of the late Henry Bowers.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Miller, ALEXANDER ALLAIRE, Esq. of Tarry-Town, to Miss CATHARINE DECOUDRES, of this city.

ON A DECEASED FRIEND.

NO rank, wild weed its deadly arm shall spread,
Or dare to twine around thy lowly bed;
But all the flow'rs of Spring shall blossom there,
To catch thy much-lov'd friend's obtrusive tear;
And ev'ry gentle breeze that passes by,
Shall breathe upon thy turf a pitying sigh!

POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

By a late return, it appears that there are in England and Wales,

Inhabited houses,	1,575,923
Families occupying them,	1,896,723
Uninhabited houses,	57,476
Males,	4,715,711
Females,	4,627,869
Total of persons,	9,343,78

H. CARITAT'S
Extensive and Encreasing
CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 1 of the CITY HOTEL, BROADWAY,

In order to accommodate the subscribers, or those who would wish to become so, the present moderate terms are offered to them:

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Subscribers residing in the country will be entitled to 6 and 8 vols. 12mo. according to their subscriptions.---The distance at which they live, will be considered to their satisfaction, for the time that they may be allowed to keep the books.

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N. B. Large editions of new and valuable books, either useful or entertaining, in English and French, have just been made to the said Library from the last importations.

June 26. 13

For sale by J. Harrisson, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE

Father and Daughter,

A TALE.

BY MRS. OPIE;

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

A PASTORAL.

MY Lucy was charming and fair
Love ſhot every ſhaft from her eyes,
So ſweet ſo commanding her air,
It could ſoften, at once, and ſurprile;
Such pity, ſuch tenderneſs play'd,
Serene, in her face, in her mind!
But the viſion of hope is decay'd,
Though the ſhadows ſtill linger behind.

My flute was melodious and ſoft,
The joy of the paſtoral throng,
The linnet would join from aloft,
And Lucy embolden the ſong;
My cheeks (which pale ſorrow will fade)
Where the red roſe and lily combin'd,
But the viſion of hope is decay'd,
Though the ſhadows ſtill linger behind.

Paſt pleaſures no more ſhall beguile,
Sad dreams rend the pinions of ſleep,
When I look on her beauty, I ſmile,
When I look on her ſcorn, I muſt weep.
Ungrateful! what vows haſt thou made,
Vows, fickle and falſe as the wind,
The viſion of hope is decay'd,
But its ſhadows ſtill linger behind.

Ah! fair as the bloſſoms of ſpring,
Ah! how could that boſom be cold!
More love lay in Corydon's ring,
More wealth than in Floridel's gold.
The dotard now woos my ſweet maid,
Now feels ev'ry rapture reſin'd,
The viſion of hope is decay'd,
But its ſhadows ſtill linger behind.

No more to my flocks will I ſing,
No more tend the cells of the fold,
No more ſhall the glad vallies ring,
Since affection is barter'd for gold.
I will fly with deſpair to ſome ſhade,
I will die, on ſome rude rock reclin'd,
The viſion of hope is decay'd,
And naught but its ſhadows behind.

AVARICE.

A LOVE SONG.

Practically inſcribed on the Miſer's Strong Box.

HERE reſt, thou miſtreſs whom my ſoul doth love!
Thou ſecret ſpring whence all my actions move!
No deadly plague which blaſts the human race,
Shall tempt this heart to quit thy ſweet embrace.

Thou'rt juſtly mine---my hard-acquired right,
Witneſs each anxious day and ſleepleſs night;
Tho' conſcience ſtarts and gives my words the lie,
I've here a rule to teſt that rightſhip by.

With this criterion ready at my ſide,
Conſcience I'll ſpurn, and all his whims deride;
Nor juſtice ſtern, nor dove-eyed charity,
Whilſt law can hold, ſhall tear thy charms from me,

Then reſt, my love, my life, my ſoul's defence,
Nor be diſturb'd tho' miſery bids thee hence;
In vain ſhall injur'd worth or innocence
Implore thine aid or my benevolence.

In vain the widow and the fatherleſs
May raiſe their ſtreaming eyes in keen diſtreſs;
E'en wife and children ſhall deſpair to ſee
One with fulfill'd till death demands the key.

ANECDOTES.

A Priſoner, in the ſtate priſon of New-Jerſey, being dangerouſly ill, requeſted the keeper to ſend for a clergyman to viſit him. The keeper, doubtful of the lawfulneſs of granting the requeſt, ſent to one of the inſpectors of the priſon to know if he might admit the clergyman, the "act for the puniſhment of crimes" having declared the benefit of clergy forever aboliſhed and done away!

TWO macaronies running accidentally againſt each other, they made a thouſand apologies, hoping neither was hurt. "Hurt!" cries a puniter, "two PUFFS OF WIND might as well be bruiſed, as ſuch hollow animals as you are."

MORALIST.

IT is a truly ſorrowful reflection, that the purſuits of this life, and the love of the world, are often ſo much indulged, as to captivate the mind, and charm it into a ſtate of inſenſibility to the great end of its exiſtence. How much wiſer and happier ſhould we be, if we engaged in temporal concerns with moderation and reſtraint! The true way to extract all their good, is to conſider ourſelves as ſtrangers and pilgrims travelling towards a better country; inſtead of being occupied, under continual anxiety and frequent diſappointment, in the deluſive chaſe of intereſt and pleaſure, until the ſame is nearly cloſed, and the mind left to the anguiſh of a melancholy retroſpect!

The flood of time is faſt approaching, and will ſoon paſs over us, and bury, in ſilence and oblivion, all our buſy facinating ſchemes and engagements; and leave nothing to ſurvive the wreck, but virtue and goodneſs, and the conſciouſneſs of divine favor. What urgent motive for correcting our terreſtrial aims and labors, and for ſtriving to become heirs of that kingdom, whoſe honors and enjoyments are perfect, and will laſt forever!

ROBERT LITTLE,

Informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for ſale, at No. 9 Beekman-Slip, the beſt of London Brown Stout, and Porter, Philadelphia Porter warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark Bottled Cider:---Alſo Claret wine of a ſuperior quality.

Caſh for empty Bottles. June 19. tf

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redneſs of the Noſe Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been adminiſtered by the inventor, for ſeveral years while in England with the greateſt ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid for a ſhort time, it will remove the moſt rancorous and alarming ſcurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated coſmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every perſon ſo afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Diſpenſary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, ſold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. Feb. 6.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the moſt eminent of the faculty to be infinitely ſuperior to any other Lotion that ever has been uſed, for ſmoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent reſtorative for removing and entirely eradicating the deſtructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Thoſe who through inadvertency make too free uſe of thoſe artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the moſt happy effects from uſing GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will reſtore the ſkin to its priſtine beauty, and even increaſe its luſtre. It expeditiouſly and effectually clears the ſkin from every deſcription of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued ſeries of the moſt ſatisfactory experience, has fully proved its ſuper-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, ſun-burns, redneſs of the neck and arms, &c. and reſtoring the ſkin to its wonted purity. In ſhort, it is the only coſmetic a lady can uſe at her toilette with eaſe and ſafety, or that a gentleman can have recourſe to, when ſhaving has become a troubleſome operation, by reaſon of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and ſold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do.---alſo at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 63 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price---pints 1 dollar 25 cents---half pints 75 cents.

May 22d. 2m.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

An Apprentice to a genteel buſineſs-----A Youth from 14 to 16 years of age, of reputable connections, and good diſpoſition, may hear of an eligible ſituation, by applying to the printer of this paper. June 12.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICE's

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING,

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the beſt preſervative and the greateſt beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it ſoft and ſmooth, and never foils. Black Morocco that has loſt its luſtre, is reſtored equal to new by the uſe of this blacking. For ſale, wholeſale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for uſe, with J. TICE's ſignature, as none elſe are genuine, by G CAMP, No 143 Pearl-ſtreet.---June 12

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paſte,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives [illegible] all exquiſite delicacy---this article is ſo well known it needs no further comment.

Imported and ſold by [illegible]abbots, Perfumer, No. 81 William-ſtreet New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powders, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Aſiatic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoiſe ſhell and Ivory Combs, Swans-down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

HIRAM GARDNER,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 91 Broad-Way,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profeſſion, and reſpectfully ſolicits a continuance of the ſame, to merit which no endeavors ſhall be wanting-----At the ſame time he begs leave to ſtate, that owing to the difficulties and expence neceſſarily attending the collection of ſmall debts, he feels himſelf under the neceſſity of DISCONTINUING GIVING CREDIT on articles vended by RETAIL, and truſts as he propoſes in future to vend his ſhoes one ſhilling per pair below the uſual price, in order to render prompt payment a deſirable object to the purchaſer, that no offence will be taken by thoſe who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears ſo equitable a propoſition. Jan. 23

REUBEN BUNN,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 60 William-ſtreet,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profeſſion, and reſpectfully ſolicits a continuance of the ſame, to merit which no endeavors ſhall be wanting-----At the ſame time he begs leave to ſtate, that owing to the difficulties & expence neceſſarily attending the collection of ſmall debts, he feels himſelf under the neceſſity of DISCONTINUING GIVING CREDIT on articles vended by RETAIL, and truſts, as he propoſes in future to vend his ſhoes one ſhilling per pair below the uſual price, in order to render prompt payments deſirable circumſtance to the purchaſer, that no offence will be taken by thoſe who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well as the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears ſo equitable a propoſition. Jan. 23

M WATSON

Returns her ſincere thanks to the Public for their paſt encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 BROADWAY, oppoſite the City-Tavern, where ſhe has for ſale, a large aſſortment of Ready made Linen of every deſcription, conſiſting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reaſonable terms. A genteel aſſortment of Childbed Linen. March 27, 00 1f

BOARDING.

MRS. BLAIR has taken the houſe No. 51, corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich ſtreets, (lately occupied by Mrs. Braſher,) where ſeveral Gentlemen can be accomodated by the year, or leſs time. May 1ſt.

Printed & Edited by JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.